

1337
A
SERMON

PREACHED

On the Eighth of February, 1782,

A
DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION:

AND AGAIN

(BY THE ASSISTANT MINISTER)

On Wednesday, the 25th of Feb. 1795,

THE LATE

DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION,

TO

A CONGREGATION OF PROTESTANT DISSENTERS

IN ST. SAVIOURGATE, YORK.

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY

NEWCOME CAPPE.

YORK:

PRINTED BY WILSON, SPENCE, AND MAWMAN; SOLD BY JOHNSON,
LONDON; BINNS, LEEDS; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN
YORK.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

SERMON

PREPARED

On the Fifth of February, 1782

DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION



On Wednesday, the 5th of Feb. 1782

BY THE NATIONAL HUMILIATION

TO

A COLLECTION OF SELECTED DISCOURSES

ON THE OCCASION

NEWCOMB CAPTAIN

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the following discourse was composed thirteen years ago, the Author has been induced to lay it before the public, apprehending, that if the state of this country was at that time awful and alarming, it is not less so *now*.---Should it be the means of awakening any to a serious examination of themselves and of their situation, he will feel the less regret that he has long been disabled by severe illness from continuing his accustomed labours as a Minister of the Gospel.

YORK, MARCH 2, 1795.

Published by the same AUTHOR:

I. Three SERMONS on the FAST-DAYS, 1776, 1780,
and 1781.

II. One SERMON on the THANKSGIVING-DAY,
1784.

III. In the press, and speedily to be published, DIS-
COURSES on the PROVIDENCE and GOVERN-
MENT of GOD.

IV. A SELECTION of PSALMS for SOCIAL WOR-
SHIP; And,

V. A SERMON on the DEATH of the Rev. EDWARD
SANDERCOCK.

2 NO 66

York, March 21. 1787.

FAST SERMON,

ISAIAH, x. 4.

“FOR ALL THIS HIS ANGER IS NOT TURNED AWAY, BUT
HIS HAND IS STRETCHED OUT STILL.”

PEACE is among the most desirable of earthly blessings; in the language of Scripture it comprehends them all. War, universally, even by those who have not suffered from it, if their hearts have not by some means been hardened past feeling, is considered as a great calamity, and in the arrangements of the word of God, it stands among the most decisive tokens of the divine displeasure, and is classed with pestilence and famine; those scourges by which the God of nations rebukes and corrects their iniquities.

NOTHING but invincible necessity will compel a prudent governor to unsheath the sword. While he draws it to defend himself, even from the injuries of men, he may precipitate upon himself and upon his country the righte-

ous chastisements of God, for his own and his people's iniquity: While *he* sees nothing but his own hand stretched out to advantage himself of his enemies, and at the point perhaps of subduing them beneath his feet, the fact may be, that the hand of God is stretched out over him in kind compassion to reclaim him, or in righteous indignation to break his power, and to make his plagues wonderful. An unjust war may fill up the measure of a nation's iniquities, and even a just one may be the ruin of an ill-deserving people.

IN which of these classes the war wherein we are now entangled stands, you have your opinion, and I have mine. I have never yet been fortunate enough to be convinced by any argument that undertook to justify it in point either of necessity, or equity, or policy. The measures by which it was brought on, the promptitude with which it was begun, the alacrity with which it was pursued, the mode in which it has been levied, the perseverance with which it is adhered to, say nothing comfortable to this country. The iniquities and infatuations of a people afford no topics from which to prove, that the hand of God is not stretched out against them.

IF we cannot find such arguments in the war itself, which however just, might reasonably be considered as a token of divine displeasure; shall we find these arguments in its issues? In the success of it abroad? In the effects of it at home? Where then are the victories that have shewn God to be our confederate? Where are the pacifications that have shewn God to be our negociator? Where has been that temperate wisdom that, on the ground of advantage, promised to erect overtures of peace? Where is that just submission to the rebukes of Heaven that hath learnt to forbear what God will not forward? Is there no truth in that aphorism of the wise man, that "when a man's ways please the Lord, he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him?" If there is, then, since God makes those who were at peace with us, our enemies, and keeps them such, our ways do *not* please him. In the crash of arms, Providence says nothing soothing to you. In the successive defeats of your forces, Providence confers no honours on you. * The smiles of

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* *Omitted in the last delivery.* "In the coldness with which those whose alliance you have courted stand aloof from you, and the firmness of the bonds in which they have combined themselves against you, there is no friendship of Heaven to be found.

Providence are not seen in the temper of your enemies, they are not seen in your own temper. The flight of peace reveals nothing of them. In the profusion of your treasures and your blood, without any better fruits than the growing burdens and depopulation of your country; in the poverty, which if it is not come, is coming on the public and on individuals as an armed man; in the disasters that are continually spreading aching hearts, and anxious looks, and sable weeds among the families of Britain, there is no evidence that the anger of God is turned away from us; in the passions, in the counsels, in the circumstances that make you still the murderers of the peace of others and your own, there is much stronger evidence that "his arm is stretched out still*."

* IT will hardly be alleged that the apprehensions entertained when this discourse was written were merely imaginary, because no great calamity actually followed; for to what more does this amount, than that the judgments of God, then threatened, were in mercy suspended? But if it be true, that the national character unreformed, is still the same; if it be true, that there is still among us the same irreligion, the same dissipation, the same want of integrity, the same obstinate adherence to parliamentary imperfections, which they themselves might easily, legally, and effectually redress, the same traffic in human blood; does it speak any comfort to us now that the mercy

BUT if no better be the language of the things which are present with you, is there any thing more encouraging in your prospects and your hopes? The downward tendency of all your circumstances is not the source from which you can derive any hope of recovery and elevation. The understandings and the hearts that have withstood the instruction of events, in so singular a degree unprosperous and ruinous, afford you no ground on which to build any pleasing expectations. Do the same counsellors, the same counsels, the same supports, still unshaken, the same influence still unrestrained, promise you a revolution of good success, and inspire you with better hopes than hitherto you have had of the things that make for peace? Your best hope of it, I fear, is in your own growing inability to keep up the contest in which you are involved: But what a gloomy hope is that? To what a length may destructive hostilities proceed? And in what a peace must a negociation, dictated and compelled by such circumstances,

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and forbearance of God, as well as his threatened judgments, should equally have failed to produce repentance? Hence does it follow, that because we were then spared, we have nothing to fear now?

issue? The language of such *a peace* would be as plain and forcible as the language of such *a war*, to make us understand fully, that “the anger of God is not turned away, but that his hand is stretched out still.”

If such then be the language of war in general, of this war in particular, in its success, as well as in itself, if such be the language not only of our present circumstances but also of our probable expectations, to what refuge can you betake yourselves for consolation? Can you find it in your character? From your circumstances it might be presumed, that your character in the commencement of these calamities was not what it ought to have been, and that by the progress of them it has not been reformed. It might be asked, Would the scourge of war have been lifted up to chastise a guiltless nation? It might be asked, Would its strokes have been redoubled to discourage a reforming people? But I will admit, that in the case of nations, as well as individuals, it is uncandid, unrighteous, and unsafe, to presume their characters from their circumstances. A virtuous *people* may be unfortunate, as well as a virtuous *man*, and vicious *nations* may be prosperous, as well as vicious *individuals*. It

is often said, but it is a position which I am not prepared either to support or to assent to, *that nations as nations, must have their retribution in this world.* This world is not a retributory state; and it is in the world to come that men of every denomination and every condition are to answer for their conduct, not in respect of *some* circumstances and relations only, but of *all*. As the wisdom of God may have good reasons for visiting individuals with prosperities in which he does not mean to own their integrity and to recompence it, and with afflictions in which he does not mean to convict them of demerit and to punish it; so also in dispensing the circumstances of nations and communities, the providence of God may have many wise and gracious purposes to accomplish that are not in any sort dependent on their characters. Nevertheless that “the righteous Lord loveth righteousness and is angry with the wicked every day,” is as true of nations, as it is of individuals. In this world the general tenor of his administration is the same to both. To both, according to the general current of events, there is the same sort and the like measures of wholesome and righteous distribution in the natural fruits and consequences of their virtues and their vices. And though

we cannot, and ought not in the case of either, to infer the character from the condition; yet where, in either case we see bad character, and at the same time see mischiefs and misfortunes steadily attending it, we are powerfully prompted by nature, and as it should seem, fully warranted by reason, to state them to ourselves in the reciprocal relation of provocations and of chastisements. Both in nations and individuals, vice has a natural and powerful tendency to alienate the divine favour from them; to ensure and to precipitate their ruin; and to both in the midst of dangers and distresses, good character is a living fountain of comfort and of hope. In the character of your country then, is there any thing that speaks comfort to you? In *this* can you find what exists not in her circumstances? You must remember that it is a *Christian* land, that its virtues therefore must be tried by the Christian standard of morality; and if you know what that standard is, you will have little heart to compare with it, what you see, what you hear, what you are told of, perhaps what you are conscious of, and what you do every day. In the hope of deriving from that comparison what may comfort you under the impression and the prospect of national misfor-

tunes, when with a serious eye one looks upon the strain of character that prevails through this country, and that is pervading every rank of men, to a heart, which licentious principles or evil habits have not hardened, it is an humiliating and distressful contemplation. Where is that spirituality of mind which is the only ground whereon the hopes of immortality can stand? Is it to be acquired in the prevailing modes of education? Is it to be attained, is it to be preserved, in the prevailing modes of living? Where is that purity, integrity, and sobriety of manners, which are the only permanent and fertile sources of national order, firmness, vigour, and prosperity? In the period of education are these virtues ordinarily acquired? In the intercourses of the world, are they generally maintained? When the dream of life is over, what must they feel in their reflections, who have spent it in carnality or levity? And when Britain's day is darkened, what must they feel whose immoralities have obscured its glory, and hastened its decline? Can we say that we are a pious, virtuous, sober-minded people? When the deluge of calamity shall overwhelm us, are there many of us that can have comfort from such a testimony of our consciences?——Can we say

that we are conformed to the image of the Son of God? Can we say that there is among us a prevailing *aspiration* after that conformity? "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his," and yet, in the characters that are ordinarily to be met with, how little is there of that similitude! Conformity to the world, in every sense that you can comprehend within the terms, is the general character of this country, and the subject of its eagrest emulations. The different aspects which this character puts on, the peculiar features by which it is diversified, and the variety of conduct and pursuit in which it issues and betrays itself, need not be described to you. If it were worth the knowing, you have had many occasions of knowing in what manner these things have impressed my mind, and upon the subject I can say nothing to you but what has been said by me again and again, and oftener. But upon the criminality and incorrigibleness of this evil character, I might now say more to you than I ever could have said before with equal truth and justice. Were I to enter on this topic, what should I not have to say of admonitions given and neglected, repeated, reiterated, urged, and neglected still. Of chastisements threatened and not heeded; in-

inflicted, with reserve and tenderness inflicted, yet not submitted to; continued, multiplied, increased, and yet unregarded still? What should I not have to say of divine mercies, patience, menaces, corrections, all equally resisted and abused? Of the arm of God still stretched out to you, one while in compassionate remonstrance, another while in awful indignation, yet still to a nation alike unimpressible by lenity, and severity, “to a disobedient and gain-saying people?” Is it nothing that ought to alarm and trouble us, that we are adding incorrigibleness to folly, and obstinate perverseness to accumulating crimes? Indeed, my friends, in the eye of dispassionate sobriety, the most awful of your prospects, the gloomiest of all your expectations, lie in the deep-charged clouds that have long been rising out of your impenitence. Through many a long year, the mercies of God, unequal to any other country that you can point out, appealing to the ingenuous principles of love and gratitude, have been soliciting your cheerful and animated duty. *That even could not be obtained*; and the mercies of God continued, with what success you know, to solicit your *repentance*. Of late, the frowns of God have been intermingled with his smiles; he has not looked on Britain and

her interests as he was wont, but still, in the midst of judgment, he remembered mercy, "and mercy rejoiced against judgment." The scene is darker than it was, it has some time been darkening, but if my eyes see truly, in respect to the peculiar interests of this island, in your memory it never was so dark before. Yet for all this, the levity of the people is not checked, their sensibility is not roused, their vices are not awed, their fear is not alarmed, their attention is not awakened. They heard not God in the small still voice of serene and prosperous affairs, neither do they see him, notwithstanding all his admonitions that he is there, and not at peace with them, in the *lowering thunder*.* Every exertion to purify the sources of these evils, whether in the general demerit of the community or the peculiar vices of its legislature, fails. Every exertion to restrain profusion and extravagance, in public as well as private life, of blood as well as of treasure, fails. Every exertion to *reduce a distorted* constitu-

* *Omitted in the last delivery.* "Every effort to retain our extended territory failed. Every effort to recover our lost dominion failed. Every effort to limit those losses failed. Every effort to circumscribe the war, to acquire a confederate, to preserve a peaceful neighbour, every effort failed. So it has been abroad; at home also, every exertion," &c.

tion fails. Every exertion in behalf of liberty, its establishment, its security, and its transmission, fails. Do you love yourselves? But I will not ask that question; for it is a very little time before you will have ceased for ever to have any personal interest in the condition of this country, and will have nought remaining to you but to bear the sentence you may have merited in respect to the improvement or abuse of the talents and advantages which in this country you have enjoyed. Do you love its Constitution? Do you love the scenes in which through many years of childhood, youth, and manhood, you have passed so peaceably and happily? Do you love the land where the friends you have buried are asleep? Do you love the land where your living friends are some of them to survive you? Do you ever cast a look of wishful tenderness upon those who call you *father*? Do you sometimes feel such affections stirring in your breasts? Stop yourself in these attitudes of mind to contemplate the circumstances and the character of your country, and the connexion between these circumstances and this character, and the awful tendencies of both, that under the full impression of the evils that have laid hold on you, and are threatening you, you may try if you can find hope and

comfort in the vices that have grown up amidst such miseries, in the obstinacy that has continued such warnings, in the impenitence that resists such chastisements, and in the bold defiance you are giving to every symptom of approaching misery, and to every indication that the face of God is set against you. Dangers are not dissipated by demerit. Ruin is not retarded by advancing profligacy of principles and manners. In the conviction that the wrath which has long been mercifully threatened and delayed, is at length righteously inflicted, there is no alleviation of the suffering. The parent of hope, is not sin. In the consciousness of unrepented guilt, and the aggravations that attend it, there is nothing soothing or consolatory. Repentance, it is true, "though your sins had been as scarlet, "would have made them white as snow." Though you had sinned with a high hand, yet if you had turned you at his rebuke, and humbled yourselves under the mighty hand of God, you would have had at least the comforts of a good conscience, and the best hope you could procure yourselves, that in due time "God would lift you up."

WHY,—you *have* humbled yourselves in the sight of God; you have turned to him with

fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; several times by royal proclamation have ye humbled yourselves, you and your king. Yet for all this "His anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still." What are the oblations of the wicked? Vain oblations. Of *their* supplications, who turn away their ear from hearing the law, what hope is there? Their prayers are an abomination. "Is this the fast," saith God, "which I have chosen, that a man should afflict his soul for a day; is it to bow down the head like a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes for his couch. Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness? To undo the heavy burdens? To deliver those that are crushed by violence? And break every yoke? Is it not to wash you? to make you clean? to put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes? to cease from doing evil? and to learn to do well?" Such only, are the humiliations that God accepts; but who fasts thus? Where are they, whose days of penitence, under a lively feeling of the national demerit and their own, are spent in unaffected humiliations before God, or in any measure appropriated to the examination and correction of themselves? Where are they who

fast thus? * What are words without meaning? What are vows, without performance? What are the expressions and the acts of penitence and contrition, without the fruits of repentance and of reformation? " 'Tis iniquity " even the solemn meeting." Such are the fasts of Britain. The charge is heavy I acknowledge; and the former proof of it is not adducible; yet notwithstanding this, I am persuaded you will not dispute with me that the charge is just. What the character of this country *was*, it *is*: Not all the visitations of Divine Providence, not all its own humiliations have in any one instance, of the vices that it practiseth, or in any one instance of the duties it neglecteth, produced in the smallest degree even the hope of its amendment. The notoriety of the fact, precludes all argument on the subject; and I am persuaded, that there is not in the land a man so credulous as to think, that for our dangers or our devotions, we are at all the better people: And if not the better, certainly the worse; more criminal and more incurable. In pro-

* *Omitted in the last delivery.*—"Not on this side the
" western-ocean; on the other, more instant dangers, and
" more poignant sufferings concur with better principles
" and better manners to render their devotions less
" formal, and their professions of repentance more sin-
" cere.

feeling convictions that we have not, there is nothing meritorious, nor is there innocence in resisting and stifling convictions that we have. To implore forgiveness on impenitence, is an insult upon HIM who is glorious in holiness: And to pray for reformation, and continue careless and unreforming, is an insult equally audacious. Can any serious and judicious man deem these things trivial? Do they cast nothing into the scale of our demerits and our dangers? Is religion and the awful object of religion to be trifled with? Are its services to be sported with? Are its solemnities to be celebrated from principles of custom, of curiosity, of party, and merely for the amusement of the hour? God have mercy on the man who thinks so, and bring him to a better mind. These things, my brethren, ought not so to be. There is nothing in them laudable, or comfortable, or hopeful. The language of your character, and of the aggravations that attend it, is the same with the language of your circumstances, of your dangers, and misfortunes. Your vices, uncorrected and incorrigible, say it to you even in a more indignant and a heart-sinking tone, "That the anger of God is not turned away, but that his hand is stretched out still."

They are at once, an argument and an instance, of his fore displeasure.

To what then do all these things prompt us? Two or three inferences are suggested by them so plainly and so powerfully, that it is hardly possible they should escape any one.

If the wrath of God is lowering on us, surely it were wise that we should avert it; for "who can stand in his sight when once he is angry?" In all her glory and her strength, when the nations envied her prosperity and wondered at her greatness, could Britain have contended with her *Maker*? She could not have upheld a contest against the feeblest enemy that God commissioned and espoused. Peace with God is the best of all blessings; it implies in it peace of conscience, and carries with it the assurance that all things shall work together for our good.

NOTWITHSTANDING that through the effect of the divine displeasure our situation is not what it were to be wished by us that it should be, we *may*, it is permitted us, we *ought*, it is our duty, to make it such if we can. The power, if we have it, is vested with us for the purpose. It is not supine hu-

miliation and indolent devotion, however ferocious and sincere, that can extricate and restore us. The deliverances that he wishes, and the blessings that he wants, do not fly *spontaneously* to the virtuous man. You cannot surely think, that the *instant* reformation of your country, if *this* were a hope that could be entertained, would instantly be followed with peace, security, and prosperity. The means which lead to the object you aspire after, would still remain to be sought, and furnished, and applied, with wisdom, with vigour, with firmness, with patient perseverance, and with devout regard to God as the controulér of events, as the fountain of power, and the giver of every good gift. Every disorder, every danger, whether foreign or domestic, *may* be, and *ought* to be, corrected and repelled. The meanest may do something towards it; but all that the united powers of every rank can do, without the divine blessing, will not prosper.

THE most perfect repentance will not certainly ensure success with respect to any peculiar object either of private or of national prosperity; but impenitence will most certainly preclude God's blessing. No man will contest the doctrine, that our best hope is in

returning to the Lord our God.—*This* is our best hope:—But this hope we shall *not* attain. We shall *not* return to the Lord our God. We shall *not* amend our character. We shall *not* conciliate his favour.

WOULD you call me to account for so ominous a presage? Surely I may plead a right to say what I believe upon the subject; but I will obey that call, and I will give you the account you ask, in the nervous language of a severe, but honest and intelligent historian*, who in this respect, like us, fell upon evil times: Of those times, he says, “*Corrumpere et corrumpi, seculum vocatur.*” So we may say of these; “To corrupt and to be corrupted, is the way of the world.” I find this idea so excellently and so appositely unfolded by a very able writer of a much more modern period, himself no mean historian, that I will give the illustration of it, though not in his own language, nor precisely in his own terms, yet in the sense and spirit of the passage; for thus perhaps I shall give it most agreeably and inoffensively. If any man, says he, presume to condemn seduction and adultery, he will be told immediately, that such is the way of the

* Tacitus de Mor. Germ. sec. 19.

world. If he censure intemperate and luxurious self-indulgence, there is always somebody at hand with the apology, that such is the way of the world. If he disapprove the practice of sending youth, yet unformed and raw into the army and to military service, in that school and in those scenes to be trained to the facility of committing any thing whatever, the reply meets him instantly, that it is the way of the world. If any one expresses his astonishment at the insatiable eagerness with which the clergy watch and scramble for preferments, it is the way of the world. If he discover his surprise or indignation at the inordinate keenness and the endless perseverance with which men, whose lives are so short and so uncertain, pursue the wealth of this world; at the illicit practices, at the unequal and usurious contracts by which they make their gain; he is immediately considered as a poor, simple, well-meaning creature, who knows nothing of mankind, and still, it is the way of the world. In short, says this honest writer, there is neither error, folly, vice, nor crime, which we do not cover and adorn with the veil of fashion. We have learnt to laugh at wickedness, and to deceive and flatter ourselves and one another in the practice of it;

corrupting and corrupted, we go on circumscribing the national criminalty and guilt, within narrower and still narrower limits, till hardly any such thing remains; we cast our vices from ourselves, upon the age, and then they are not sin, but fashion.

IN this picture, though it was drawn for another country and another age, it must be a very undiscerning or inobservant eye, that perceives not the likeness of our own: And if such be the complexion of the times, there are no omens of repentance *here*. A more complete, alarming, or incurable corruption of moral principle cannot easily be conceived than that which substitutes the fear of man, instead of the fear of God, and puts custom in the chair of conscience. On such characters I would not urge the doctrine of Christ and his apostles: it is well known by them that the Christian doctrine speaks no comfort to such characters; and the Christian doctrine, it is the fashion to trample under foot. Upon this subject they would hear more willingly, perhaps, a polite and fashionable man, who was a courtier as well as a philosopher. "When once," says he, "those evil practices, which in better days being called evil, were abashed, abhorred, and shunned, come at

“length to lose their name, and to be the
“tone of the times, no longer out of coun-
“tenance or out of favour but conformed to
“and aspired after, the hope of reformation
“is over. There are no principles remain-
“ing upon which remedies may act, or no
“remedies which can reach the principles
“that remain.” Such are the sentiments of
an ancient writer well acquainted with hu-
man nature and with human life; and I am
persuaded that you have none of you any
doubt that his sentiments are just and true.
If so, what hope can you entertain of the re-
formation of this country? What is there so
irreconcilable with religious sentiment, with
strict integrity, with domestic obligation, with
personal dignity, with professional decorum,
with common prudence, which the general
fashion that tends to level *all* ranks, or that
which is *peculiar* to *each* rank, has not intro-
duced and sanctified? Any thing, every thing,
is sacrificed at the shrine of custom. Who-
ever hears the question, What is duty? what
is just? what is right? what is proper and
becoming? The inquiry is not, what *should*
be done, but what *is* done. What others
think, and what others do, is the supreme
and universal law. It is an awkward shame to
mind what God and duty call for. It is a

petulant as well as self-applauding triumph to have acquired in this line of excellence a magnanimity which others have not yet attained to. The profession and the patronage of what is known to be false; the practice and the encouragement of what is known to be evil; shyness and shame of what is honourable; unreserved, if not boastful avowal, of what is shameful, are features that are growing to prodigious size in the character of this country; of which, if it is not yet altogether true in the whole comprehension of the terms, it is every day becoming more true, that *all* men are unanimous to do, what all men are unanimous to condemn! With these little pitiable slaves of this tyrannic principle, you may remonstrate; they admit the justness of your remonstrances: You may argue; they admit the legitimacy of your reasonings: You may warn them; they admit the evil tendency of their sentiments and their conduct; and what more? Nothing. So cool, sedate, malignant, and depraving is the seducing spirit which they serve, that of all their convictions and confessions no correction comes. The language is, indeed it *should* be, 'tis pity, but it cannot be done.

IN such a state of moral principle, is there any hope of reformation and repentance? Repent? Nobody repents! Repent of what? Reform? nobody reforms! Reform what? Repent of and reform what all the world has done, and continues doing!—The way of the world when it comes to lie in being *corrupted* and *corrupting*, has ruined many a country, and it will ruin this: “For though hand join in hand, iniquity will not go unpunished.” Sin is a baleful plant, the fruits of which are bitter, and the very neighbourhood of it noxious. The evil consequences of vice press hard upon her footsteps. National depravation must issue in national distress; Britain has no better hope from her apostate children. If they are unimpressible by the consequences of their vices to themselves in the world to come, what ground is there to expect that they should have any feeling for the influences of them upon her prosperity in this? *That*, however, is comparatively a very little thing. Eternal things are of real moment. Britain is not the country where your greatest interests lie: Though she should be cast down into destruction, her constitution over-turned, her laws laid dormant, your rights extinguished, and all the blessings that adorn her blasted,

in the revolutions to which sublunary things are continually subject, her pristine glory may revive: No generation of her children could despair so far, as to deem their calamities without end and without hope! Under any government, in any circumstances, in bondage, penury, and wretchedness, duty may be done; the friendship of God conciliated, and glory, honour, and immortality, acquired. In the ruin of your country there would still remain to you that which, if ye were wise enough to avail yourselves of it, would make the loss of every blessing, whose period is threescore years and ten, a matter of very small account. Such are *my* ideas: it may be, *you* do not think so. In a sick room, on a death bed, when the glare of this world's vanities is darkened, and its noisy levities are still, you will feel the truth of such assertions; or, if you do not feel it then, at the last tribunal you will feel it. The ruin, which in ruining your country, your follies will then be found to have brought upon your own souls, will leave you no doubt upon this subject.

To save yourselves, to live for ever above the reach of injuries and sorrows, you should need no persuasion. Do this, redeem your-

selves from that final ruin, and you will have done something to redeem, if yet it is redeemable, this *sinking* nation.

WHATEVER you may *now* think, *sometime* you will learn, that there were duties which you owed your country, and that ye had more interest in the faithful discharge of those duties, to whatever singularities they might have led you, than in the conformities to which ye sacrifice them, however creditable and pleasurable the pre-eminences to which those conformities promoted you.

WHEN the day of life is closed, when this seed-time of human being is over, when those hopes are dead to which no resurrection is vouchsafed; then you will know, that it was the fear of God which should have been your rule of conduct, and the favour of God, which should have been the object of your pursuit. Then you will remember how God required it, how your country asked it, and your own souls implored it, at your hands. Oh do not wait till a scene like this has overtaken you! suffer ye the word of exhortation now! be wise, understand this, and consider your latter end!

IN the decrees of God there is a time defined, beyond which you can do nothing for your country, and nothing for yourselves. "Oh that thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belonged unto thy peace!" I need not tell you from whom this lamentation came, as he stood upon the top of Olivet and looked down and wept over the land of his nativity.—A wise man would not make his own soul the subject of such a lamentation!—A kind man would not make his country the subject of such a lamentation!—A liberal enemy would not put either into such a circumstance!—do not put them there *yourselves*.

THE END.

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